

IN THE CITY'S PLAYGROUND

CHILDREN AND THEIR PETS
OVERRIDE CENTRAL PARK.

Alice Takes the Boy With a Camera on a Sightseeing Tour—They Find Diabolo and Squirrel and Pencil All Waiting Ready to Have Their Pictures Taken.

The boy was lonely. His brothers and sisters had gone to a party, but Alice in the person of a pompous medical man had decreed that he must stay within doors. So there he was imprisoned in the playground of a big house on Riverside Drive, wondering what on earth to do with him-

were not looking and I've been doing as I pleased ever since." "But won't they catch you and put you back?" asked the boy. "Oh, I left my shadow," said Alice, "and that does just as well, for they can't see through the paint." "Bully for you!" said the boy, who was feeling quite friendly toward Alice by this time, "and I'd go out with you if I dared, but I really mustn't." "They won't know you're gone," said Alice. "I'll fix that." The boy thought that was queer, but he said he'd go. Then he noticed that Alice didn't have any hat, or jacket, or gloves. "I don't need them," Alice explained, as she caught the question in his eyes. "I didn't need them in the book and I don't



SQUIRREL TAKING A NUT FROM THE MOUTH OF A BOY

self. He did so with some adventure would happen along, something really exciting. And then he realized that he wasn't alone. Somehow a little girl had got into the room. There seemed to be something familiar about her but he couldn't quite place her. "Won't you come to the park with me?" said the girl.

"Who are you?" asked the boy. "Why, I'm Alice," she said. "I know you now," said the boy. "I read all about you in my sister's books." "But I've come out of the books," said Alice. "I couldn't stand the illustrations. You're I'm Mr. Tenniel's Alice. And for years, and years I'd been living with all the boys and girls, big and little, and they got to know me and it was all nice and comfy."

"Then a man named Newell got hold of me and spotted me all over with mussy colors out of his paint box. He took my friends, the Mad Hatter and the Cheshire Cat and Humpty Dumpty and even Tweedle-dum and Tweedledee, and he spotted them all over with color, too, till I just couldn't stand it."

"Then persons named Kirk and Rack-man, they spotted and I made up my mind to get out. I just walked out through the back cover when all the painter folk

need them now. I've been living in the Park in a big tree and playing with the animals and birds."

"But you can't live in a tree. How do you get clothes and food?"

"Silly!" said Alice. "I'm not a real person. The Boy certainly thought that queer, but he didn't worry about it. He prepared to start."

"Have you got a picture box?" asked Alice. "There are a lot of things I want pictures of and you may take them for me."

"Oh, you mean a camera?" said the boy. "Sure I've got one."

So he got the camera and they started out.

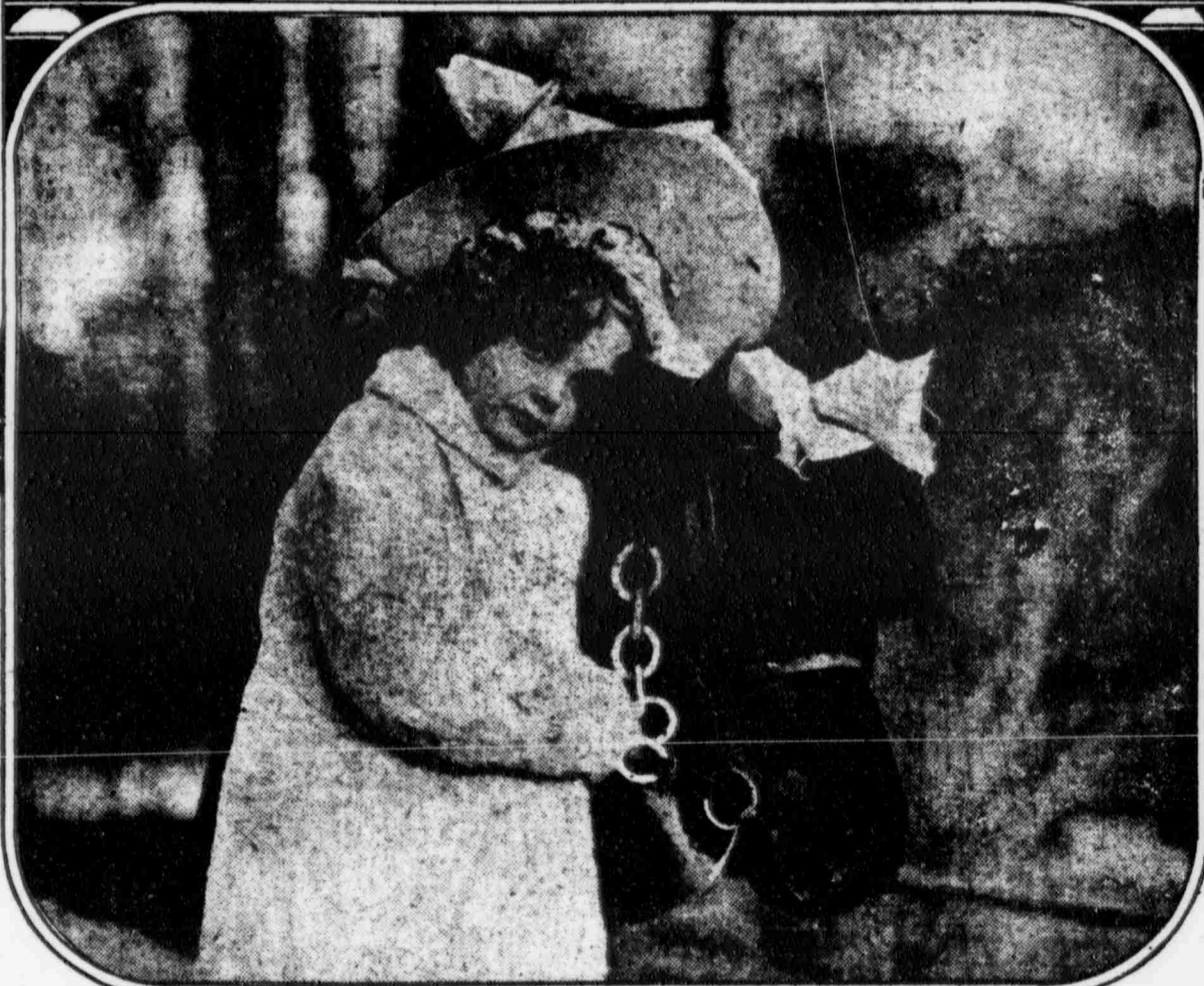
They went in a cab. Alice said it was all right, the driver wouldn't see them. And the man and the girl in the cab didn't seem to mind, for they saw only themselves, and anyway Alice wasn't a real person.

And by this time the boy wasn't real either. He pinched himself to see if he was and his fingers went right through. But now he didn't think it queer at all.

"This park is just the biggest playground I ever saw," said Alice, as they entered the gate at West Seventy-second street. "But it is needed, for there are thousands and thousands of children in New York who haven't any other place to play."



SHE WILL LEARN TO PLAY DIABOLO.



FRIENDSHIP IN THE PARK.

"The papas of most of them are rich too, and I should think they'd live in the country. But since they don't isn't it lucky the park is here?"

"On a nice day there are children everywhere. Lots of them have pet dogs and ponies. Oh, dear! I wish I could play with them. But they don't seem to know me."

"The policemen know me, though. Aren't the policemen just dears? Most of them I saw had little girls of their own, and that's why they are so nice to the children."

"There's always a lot of children right around here," said Alice, as they trudged south from Seventy-second street. "And another favorite place is up around Ninety-seventh street on this side."

"Then there are droves of them up near the big building where they keep the pictures, and of course they are all over the place which they call the Mall, and down where the animals are."

"My, but you've learned a lot," said the boy. "Haven't I?" said Alice. "I assure you I'm a very wise little person."

"See them playing thingumagig over there," Alice exclaimed as they came to a broad green space. She pointed at a group of children industriously throwing and catching what looked like a spool by means of string fastened to two sticks. "They play a lot of that here."

"That's diabolo," said the boy. "Is it?" said Alice cheerfully. "I'm glad I know, but thingumagig is just as good a name."

"What's thingumagig?" asked the boy. "It's anything you please," said Alice. "You see:

The thingumagig isn't anything much. It's nothing to eat and it's nothing to touch, but it really comes in very handy. For when you can't think of a name on the quick

"The squirrels are great friends of mine," said Alice. "Oh, see that one kissing a boy!"

"They're not kissing," said the boy. "The squirrel's taking a nut from the boy's mouth."

"How lovely!" said Alice. "I must have a picture of that."

And the boy obliged.

"There's a particular friend of mine," said Alice presently, as she pointed to a big fellow who sat on a nearby bush and chirruped cheerfully to her. "I like to hear him sing."

"Squirrels can't sing," said the boy. "They can go," said Alice, "only all persons can't hear them. Only yesterday this one sang a little thing he made up himself. There wasn't much tune to it. This is it:

And the wheels going round in your head seem to stick.

Why, then, it fits in fine and dandy; For you just say right out it's a thingumagig which answers as well as a pig for a pig.

Or calling the baby Mirandy.

"I made up those verses," Alice went on. "Well, don't tell any one," said the boy.

"All right. I won't," said Alice. "And now get me a picture of that thingumagig."

The boy got the picture and they went further into the park.

"They play different now," Alice prattled on, "from when I first began to be a little girl. Dolls used to be the very nicest things a girl could have, but now the little girls carry those fuzzy brown things."

"They're Teddy bears," said the boy.

"Are they, indeed?" said Alice. "I know what a bear is, for I've got lots of bear friends, but what's a Teddy?"

"It isn't what it was once," said the boy. "It's a memento of a busted popular idol, my papa says."

"I don't want one," said Alice, "if it's anything like that."

The boy took more pictures for Alice. They found a very little girl with her arms around her very little pony's neck, "all ready to be took," said Alice, and lots of other nice things. Then they got to playing with the squirrels.

I wonder why the moon and stars come out at night or night.

For we don't need them here, you see. Or anything like that.

We don't need trees with nuts or fruit. For all our nuts are brought to us. And we grow nuts and fruit.

We needn't bother to build nests, like birds do in the woods. For little homes are made for us. I tell you, we're the goods.

"I don't like that fast line," Alice said. "It's slang. But I suppose he didn't know any better and maybe he was in a hurry. I like wild squirrels better. They're not so sophisticated."

"What's sophisticated?" said the boy.

"I don't know," said Alice, "but it sounds nice."

"I wish they'd let the animals out," said Alice later when they got to the menagerie. "The idea of keeping them cooped up in cages!"

"But they'd go round biting people," said the boy.

"No they wouldn't neither," said Alice, forgetting to be grammatical in her excitement. "They're just the best playthings ever."

She took the boy into the bear cage and started to introduce him. But the bear growled and the boy got so scared that he remembered that he was a real person.

And there he was in his room and there was no Alice. But he had his camera in his hand and he had been taking pictures. So he knew he hadn't been dreaming. Here are some of the pictures to prove it.

LITTLE MANHATTAN TOURS

A PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TRIP
TO THE CENTRE OF THINGS.

Sights of Two Short Blocks Leading to Long Acre Square—Six Hotels, Three Theatres, Two Banks, Six Clubs—Where the Waiters' Tips Will Go.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, we stand on the east side of Fifth avenue looking along Forty-fourth street to Long Acre Square, already the centre of the New World and soon to be the acknowledged centre of the earth if not of the universe."

"It will be my pleasure personally to conduct you through two blocks more notably devoted to the rest and recreations of man than any other equal stretch of thoroughfare in the known world. Everything I shall call your attention to is unique or something else just as good."

"We start in by remaining where we are until I have directed your attention to the building on our left, wherein, and right on the ground floor as it should be, is the first if not the only day and night bank in the world. Why it should be located here you will be able to judge before we bring up at Long Acre."

"Before diverting your attention I may add that just back of us, at East Forty-fourth street, to be precise, there was a day and night faro bank, conducted for some years by Mr. Richard Canfield. But that was cut out by Mr. Jerome."

"On the right is the respectable eating house conducted for a number of years by the Delmonico family. Meals are served there at all reasonable hours, and at any hour of the day or night. You may gather in its upper banquet halls interesting fragments, the shattered reputations of after-dinner speakers."

"Some of those reputations have been so badly broken that whereas they once easily covered columns in the press, you couldn't get an inch space for them for anything less than reading notice rates. Gossip!"

"Having crossed the avenue you will be delighted to notice that the east corners being occupied by a bank and a restaurant the west corners are occupied by a restaurant and a bank. On the right is the Fifth Avenue Bank, occupying a fine old residence of the early McAllister period, now devoted to the making rather than the spending of incomes."

"On our left is the food and lodging house of Mr. Louis Sherry. This respectable public house keeper has lodgings for as low as \$5,000 a year, and a well ordered dinner may be obtained for even less. No checks are cashed as a rule, but that rule has been somewhat ignored since Mr. Canfield has retired."

"Just back of Mr. Sherry's, fronting on Forty-third street, is the Century Club, whose membership is restricted to writers of sonnets and those who know what a sonnet is. The waiting list is large but hopeful."

"Still on our left, next to Sherry's, you observe a red brick and gray stone ten story hotel, the Manhattan. I call your attention to this because it is an interesting type. It belongs to a class of hotels in New

York which numbers not less than a hundred; large, modern, prosperous hotels, as unknown to the city at large as if they were favorably located on the banks of the canals of Mars.

"Opposite, on our right as we proceed westward, is the St. Nicholas Club, its middle Alpine architecture deftly suggesting a chancellery concerning an extension of membership which is the only joke related to the club. Spike Hennessey and Jimmy Hope—well known characters of a former day—would have despaired of forcing an entrance there, though a bank vault to them was like taking money from a cripple."

"The next, very large, very austere, very brown building on our right is a private school for girls. If you want to find the richest men in New York find the parents of the pupils in that school. You prove your proposition in stating it, as the man said when he was asked if he would have a drink."

"Kindly turning your gaze to the left you see a vast 200 foot front structure with a general look of solidity and respectability which causes all passersby to read what is spelled out on the bronze tablet to the left of the entrance. It is 'The General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen of the City of New York. Technical Schools and Library. Founded 1785.' There, ladies and gentlemen, is another typical institution."

"Retrace your steps half a block to the avenue and ask the first passing one hundred people where this society's building is. Possibly one will know. Ask him what the society does. If he can tell you I'll buy."

"Yet it supports grand technical schools and has the finest library of its kind in the city. It never had a press agent."

"Once more to your right. There is the Berkeley Theatre, occupied at present by Mr. Arnold Daly and his ideas. What they are is the secret which press and public alike are sitting up nights at home to guess."

"Adjoining the theatre, as we proceed west, is the Berkeley Lyceum and Gymnasium. I never did know what a lyceum was, but you will observe, to help you guess, that the League for Political Education lives there. Also the National Conservatory of Dramatic Art. When I find a successful politician educated by a league I'll introduce him to a successful actor educated in a conservatory and buy for both. Gossip!"

"Leaving institutions for education and art, we see next, on our right, the building of the Harvard Club, constructed from the kind of bricks the university was named after, and gray stone. The building, you will observe, is only half as large as the Yale Club to which I shall presently call your attention. That is because, as I am informed, membership in each club is limited to graduates who have won bets on their respective football teams."

"To the left, once more, if you please. That forbidding looking wall is the end of the Racquet and Tennis Club, the other end being on the next block. That is because the game of tennis, as I am informed, takes as much room as training."

Racquets is also played with balls, and in another department other balls may be ordered by those suffering from sawdust tongue."

"This handsome ten story building, still to the left, is occupied by the Yale Club. Over the windows of the second floor you see graven in imperishable stone the club motto: 'Hoc est vivere bis Vita posse priore frui.' As you all of course know that is Dago, which translated into New York reads: 'Here is where we spend what we win from Harvard.'"

"Once more to our left we see the imposing gray stone building of the library of the New York Bar Association. Its great size was made necessary because it is the clubhouse for New York lawyers without clients. It contains some books too."

"Turning again to the right and skipping those three palatial buildings, which are private stables, we come to the building of the New York Yacht Club, with its bulging windows in imitation of the sterns of the galleys the Romans went around the Horn in when they were looking for more worlds to conquer, or sending a Mr. Taft of that time to call upon Cleopatra. It is noted for the number of calls made there by Sir Thomas Lipton. Come again, Tom."

"Next, as we go on our way, is the Iroquois Hotel, noted as the home of Police Commissioner Bingham. Let me interrupt the orderly sequence of our observation by remarking upon the fine appearance and attentive manner of the mounted cop who has been shadowing us down the line."

"Besides the Commissioner, two of his deputies live in this block. Deputy Hanson at the Yale Club and Deputy Wood at the Harvard. All right, cap. Nothing doing!"

"The other two great hotels on our right are the Seymour and the Algonquin. Still on the right you observe the seven story red brick home of the City Club, whose members sit up and take notice of municipal affairs and issue printed matter about their thoughts. Their kitchen and wine cellar are said to be conducted on strictly civil service principles. Only experts employed."

"For the last time on this block turn to the left. There you see the Royalton Hotel, extending through the block. It is noted far and wide because of the fact that no woman is admitted through its portals (doors), and because there are sixteen different kinds of dining rooms on its lower floors. Bachelors require a great deal of room to dine in when they dine alone."

"Approaching Sixth avenue we come to the side entrance of the Hippodrome, owned by the only corporation which has made honest money by flooding its stock with water. The gentleman on the back seat is to take notice that a permanent company of players is called stock, and the Hippodrome has a tank of water into which its stock is often plunged. Gossip!"

"Having crossed Sixth avenue we pause to remark that in the one block we have studied we have discovered six hotels, three theatres, two banks, six clubs and various other institutions partaking of the nature of all the aforementioned."

"Starting down toward Broadway we notice on the right a pretty little building remarkable for its display of lace curtains and fancy iron work. The simple name 'Burns' tells much to those who know."

"It is a convenient entrance to one of the early lobster resorts having its main room in Sixth avenue. This entrance is for patrons who would scorn to take supper in Sixth avenue."

"The next noticeable structure is the Stuyvesant Theatre, one of the fifty-seven or so varieties built by David Belasco from his profits made in fighting the theatre trust. By nature David is long haired and peace loving, but when a purse is hung up big enough to fight for it is difficult to keep him out of the ring."

"Next we discover the Gerard Hotel, built when this part of town was on the outskirts of civilization. It was intended as a roadside resort, and is surprised to find itself in the glare of the Great White Way and shouldered on all sides, by the resorts of city jakes."

"Across the street on the left is the home of the American actor, the Lamba. This institution started in London, but the profession over there couldn't stand the cost, so it was transferred to New York, where all actors draw \$500 a week and are never idle. As you see, it is a modest little seven story stone and marble building and contains besides the usual aids to repose a fine theatre."

"A little beyond on the left is the new clubhouse of the Alpha Delta Phi, a Greek letter society of college men who qualified for membership by striving while yet in college to learn the English equivalents of the letters. Some are said to have succeeded."

"Opposite on the right is the Hudson Theatre, home of the drama with Soul, highly esteemed by matinee girls and others who are fired with an ambition to learn what on earth this world can be. They are still guessing. It is cheaper and just as profitable to chew gum."

"Now, please pay strict attention to the fine five story brownstone mansion next west of the Hudson. You see an army of workmen busily engaged doing over the old place, extending and deepening its basement, fitting it throughout with every appliance for comfort and luxury."

"It is to be the home of yet another club. We have passed some notable clubs in our short journey, some world famed for their offers of comfort and luxury, but in these respects none will exceed this. Whose club is it to be, you naturally ask. Waiters."

"That is a fact as ever was. See the sign in the window. These premises, when alterations are completed, are to be occupied by the International Geneva Association. 'That is the name of the waiters' union. This is to be their club. It will have a cellar and cuisine unsurpassed. The burning question of the day is 'Will tipping be allowed?'"

"Beyond we come to the pretty little Blaisdell Hotel, and continuing, finish the block by discovering on our right the Criterion and New York theatres. Opposite is the Hotel Astor, which has acres of accommodations for those who, dote upon just a snack to eat after the theatre."

"Look up and down; there is Long Acre Square. Hub of civilization, where the present personally conducted tour ends. What?"

Cattle Ticks. From the Medical Record. A report issued by the Department of Agriculture states that the annual loss occasioned through the cattle ticks is in the neighborhood of \$100,000,000, which is equal to about 10 per cent. of the value of the cattle. The quality of the animals is the lowest and the loss is greatest in the regions where the natural conditions without the tick should produce the finest cattle with the least loss.

RAILWAY BEAUTY SPOTS.

Phlox and Hydrangeas for Stations—Blue Grass for Right of Way.

One of the good things for which people have to thank the railroads is the progress they are making in beautifying their right of way.

It is the practice of the Pennsylvania, as Moody's Magazine points out, to surround its passenger stations with little parks with terraces and gracefully curving paths and roadways. To care for these station parks is part of the duty of the maintenance of way department, just as

it is to keep the rails and ties in good order. Flowers and shrubbery are planted in artistic plots and gardeners keep them fresh and flourishing.

At a station on the Long Island Railroad, which is a subsidiary of the Pennsylvania, 600 trees and shrubs besides beds of phlox and hydrangeas were set out this year. For another station on the Long Island 425 shrubs and twelve trees have been ordered of the so-called perennials and evergreens.

In the open country too, far from towns, the Pennsylvania has adopted the policy of making its right of way pleasant to look

at. Slopes of unsightly rock or dirt are transformed into green terraces. Henceforth the standard roadbed, when the tracks are in a cut, will include the sodded slopes. Blue grass, used for sodding will prevent the erosion which has given engineers so much trouble in times past. In helping to solve the drainage problem the grass is even more useful than it is ornamental.

National Chinese Costumes. From the Shanghai Mercury.

Regulations regarding the national costume of both officials and ordinary people have been duly compiled and there are nine different grades of costumes.

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Natural skins in the best shades, obtained direct from the Revillon trading posts in Siberia, including a few specimens of a very high value not obtainable in the open market.

EVENING CLOAKS

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In view of present conditions these very high priced furs, as well as those of moderate cost, are offered at considerable reductions from the original prices.

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